

A NEW BABY

HIPPOPOTAMUS.

It Arrived Before Dawn and Produced a Sensation in the Zoo.

Caliph's Second and Younger Wife Is the Mother of the Copulent Babe.

LARGE, LIVELY AND COMICAL.

For the Sake of Mother and Youngster They Will Be Temporarily Secluded from the Public Gaze.

Caliph, the great, lumbering hippopotamus in the Central Park Zoo, was pacing anxiously up and down in the narrow confines of his cage at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been awake all night. Now and then he paced and looked his head on one side with evident concern, and occasionally he tip-toed to the partition separating his cage from the other hippopotamus cage, and, with lowered head, listened intently. He knew that on the other side of that partition were his two wives, Mrs. Fatima Caliph and Mrs. Murphy Caliph. He was very anxious, and all he could hear was a gentle splashing in the water. Then he walked up and down again. The other animals in the great, warm house were dreading watching him and had fallen asleep.

While Mr. Caliph was plodding away with wrinkled brows Tom Donahue, the night keeper, entered the building on his regular tour of inspection. He looked at the various cages, saw to their fastenings and was about to go out again when his attention was attracted by something in the apartment of the lady hippopotamus. It was not very light, and he looked again to make sure. Yes, there, swimming about in the warm water was a third creature. Mrs. Murphy Caliph was nodding fitfully on the dry platform of the cage, but Mrs. Fatima Caliph was in the water beside the tiny brown creature, caressing it with her huge muzzle. Mr. Caliph was vainly trying to see through the partition and breathing heavily.

Donahue smiled with intense satisfaction, and, acting upon first impulse, turned to Caliph and said: "Caliph, it's a boy; a thirty-five pounder," and, he declared, Caliph smiled from ear to ear. Then Donahue ran off to inform Superintendent Smith of the happy event.

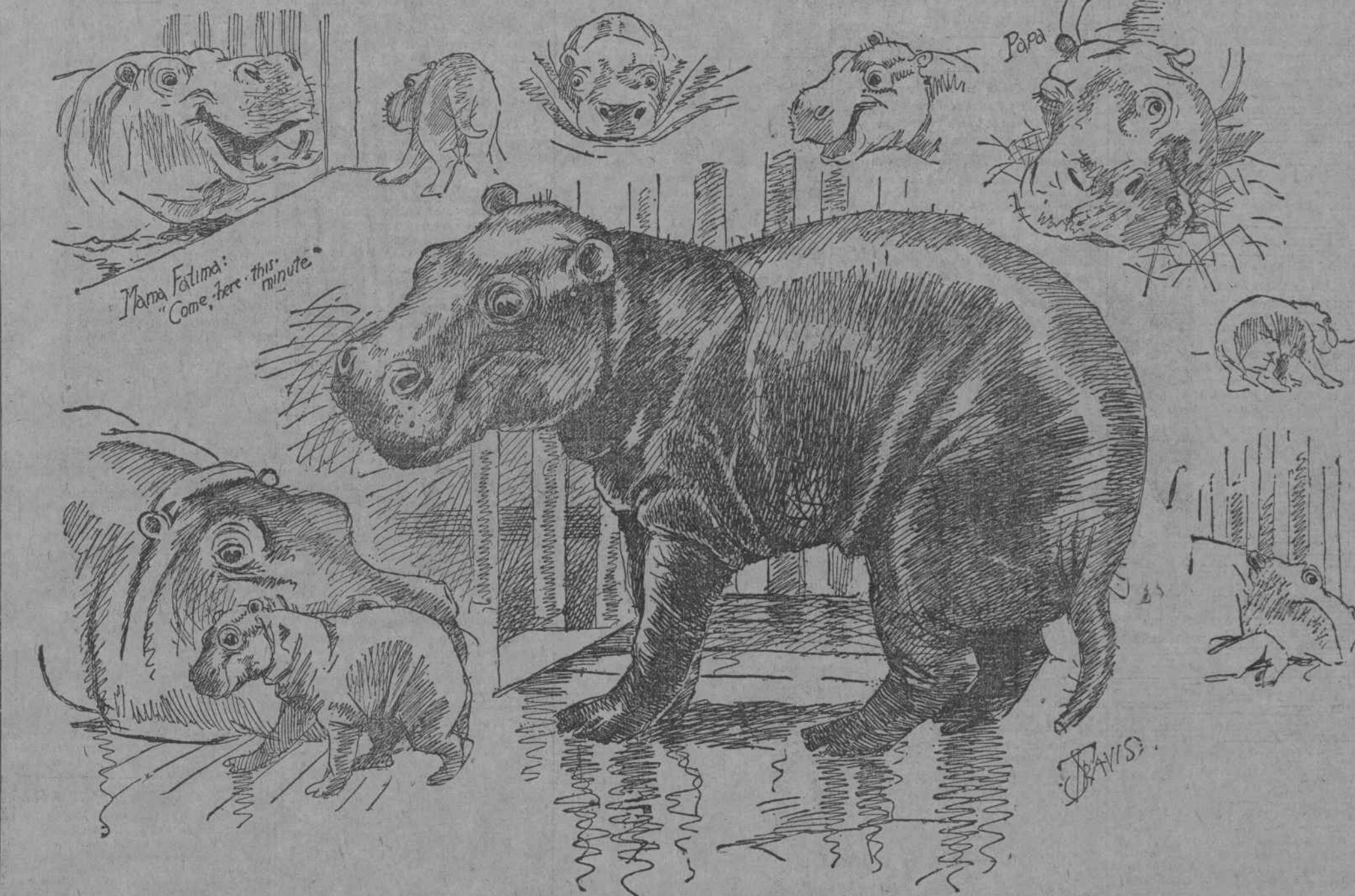
When Superintendent Smith arrived the Central Park Zoo was in an uproar. Doubtless all the cries and roars and growls and snorts were intended for congratulations, but they were a severe test of the endurance of young X. Caliph. The newcomer was paddling about in the water and being vigorously prodded by his dotting mamma. Mrs. Murphy Caliph was green with envy and had a nose-in-the-air sort of expression. It was at once seen that she must be removed from the nursery and turned into Caliph's cage. Caliph, however, kept so close to the removable part of the partition and whined so joyously, albeit derisively, that several keepers had to be summoned to drive him into his tank. He was kept there with pitchforks and Mrs. M. Caliph was urged into his cage. She naturally rebelled because she is the grandmother of the young hopeful, but when she went into Caliph's cage she took him aside and told him all about it, grunting occasionally to Mrs. F. Caliph and receiving a corroborating series of grunts in reply. After the cage of the happy mother had been securely covered with canvas Superintendent Smith and his men went away, leaving Caliph and Mrs. Murphy to talk it over.

When the Zoo was thrown open to the public, yesterday morning, the cage was kept covered and no visitors were rewarded with a glimpse of the amphibian youngster until the newspaper men were admitted, at 6 o'clock, by order of Park Commissioner McMillen.

At that hour the baby hippo was as merry as a grig, but rather unsteady on his feet, staggering about the platform in the manner of a very groggy prize fighter. Tom Donahue said he did not know whether the creature was a boy or a girl, but had said boy, hoping thereby to please Caliph more. The new child of old Nile—several times removed—is about the size of a week-old calf and weighs between thirty-five and forty pounds. It is of a warm, seal-brown color, palling to pink in the wrinkles, has blue-gray eyes, as large as butter dishes, a small amount of hair scattered here and there over its back, and "takes after" its father and mother. Its skin looks as if it had been cut and fitted by an English tailor who had never seen the creature for which the suit was intended. Judging by the parents, the suit is likely never to fit better than it does now. Its head greatly resembles that of a calf, especially the eyes, as the muzzle has not yet taken on the familiar wedge-shape. Whatever it looks like, it is the pride of its mother, and that pride is very evident.

Mrs. Fatima spent many hours yesterday gazing intently at her offspring and mumbling hippopotamus baby talk to it. With occasional bursts of enthusiasm she pushed it off the platform into the water and ducked it. The youngster seemed indifferently pleased with itself, too, and when it learned how to make loud noises it squatted down and bellowed like mad. Of course all the animals in the house encouraged it, and pandemonium followed. Caliph figuratively put his thumbs in the armbolies of his waistcoat and strutted all over his cage. Why should not a two-ton papa be proud of a 40-pound youngster? It was only Mrs. Murphy who was disgruntled.

It will be fully ten days before the public can see X. Caliph, Esq. Superintendent Smith says it is placing them too soon on exhibition that has caused the death of other hippos born in captivity. The crowds of sightseers annoy the mother and she cannot take the proper care of her baby. Keeper Ed Murray, who knows all about animals, says this youngster is a remarkable specimen and should thrive. It has not yet been decided what to name the newcomer, but the christening will come in due time, and Superintendent



NEW BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE THIRD OF ITS KIND, MAKES ITS DEBUT AT CENTRAL PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Caliph and Fatima Are Proud Parents, and Caliph's Other Mate Does Not Seem Unduly Jealous—The Little Fellow May Not Be a Beauty to Every Eye, but He Is Exceptionally Interesting—Not Visible to the General Public for Some Time to Come.

Smith promises that it will be a great function.

This baby hippo is the third born in the Central Park Zoo. The first was Mrs. Fatima, his mother, who is the fond daughter of Caliph and Mrs. Murphy, and was born on October 4, 1890. She weighs about 4,500 pounds, which is not considered at all fat in her set. The second hippo was the son of the Caliph-Murphy house, and was born two years ago. It died soon after birth.

Caliph is a portly grandfather of eighteen years, having come to Central Park in 1883 at the age of five, tender years. He came from Cincinnati. Mrs. Murphy is an Afro-European, coming from Hamburg. She blushing admits the soft impeachment of eleven years.

TO FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS.

Health Officers Will Ask the Legislature for an Appropriation of \$300,000.

Health officers want \$300,000 with which to fight tuberculosis in New York State. They claim that the disease is the one most prevalent among human beings and animals in the State.

Committees of the State Board of Health and the city Board of Health met yesterday in the Academy of Medicine, in West Forty-third street, and adopted resolutions asking the State Legislature to place at their disposal the sum of \$300,000 to be used in investigating and eradicating, if possible, the disease of tuberculosis.

The health officers declared that the bacilli of tuberculosis are communicated to human beings through the milk of diseased cows, and that public health demands that a thorough investigation of the condition of all animals be made.

A memorial asking for the money will be sent to the Legislature.

SEARCHING FOR A CHILD.

A Three-Year-Old Child Lost in the Bridgeton Woods Thought to Have Died.

Bridgeton, N. J., March 6.—Studen Long, of Rosenhagen, accompanied by his three-year-old child, went to the woods to gather evergreens yesterday. The father and child were gone for several hours and in some manner became separated. Thinking that the child could not be far off, the father called several times, and, receiving no reply, became frightened and started on a run through the woods. He made a circle of a quarter of a mile around the spot where he had last seen the little one, but failed to find any trace of him. Returning to the city last night, he told his story and a searching party was quickly organized.

The party split up into small bands and with lanterns and dogs continued the search all night. They beat about through the bushes for miles in every direction and gradually closed in toward the spot where the little one disappeared. This morning they returned with no news. Another party has been organized and will search for the child's body, as it is not believed that the little one can be alive after being exposed to the weather all night. The parents are crazed with grief.

Is Smith a Diamond Thief? Thomas Smith, alias "Brick," was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday as one of the burglars who robbed the house of Andrew J. Connick, No. 112 West Seventy-third street, on January 3, and stole \$4,500 worth of diamonds. Smith pawned some diamonds a few days after the robbery, but escaped arrest. These jewels were identified by Mrs. Connick as having belonged to her. Smith was arrested Thursday by Detectives Funder and West. Magistrate Connell remanded the prisoner.

PHILLIP HARPER IS DEAD.

Senior Member of the Great Publishing House, He Attained Ripe Years and Honors.

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Since his retirement from business three years ago Mr. Harper had been in ill health, and three months ago his malady developed into kidney and heart disease, which confined him permanently to his bed.

A CORNER IN CAMPHOR.

Colonel North, the Nitrate King, at the Head of a Combination to Force up Prices.

Colonel North, the Nitrate King, backed by a syndicate of wealthy Londoners, has cornered the camphor market. In the last two months the price of the crude gum has

jumped 100 per cent. It is now fifty cents a pound and will continue to rise in price. The North combination have over 2,000,000 pounds of crude camphor stored and they are continually adding to this amount.

The effects of the combine have already been felt in the New York market. Refined camphor is at present wholesaled at fifty-nine cents a pound, and retailed at sixty-five and seventy cents.

The use of camphor medicinally is varied. Many concoctions of drugs will cost more in the future because of the combine. The gum is also used in the manufacture of smokeless powder and celluloid.

NABRA IS BLIND AND DEMENTED.

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Two weeks ago he was attacked with a severe headache. This resulted in his showing symptoms of approaching insanity, and Dr. Charles Tellman, of No. 71 East Fifty-fifth street, was called in yesterday. He advised that the manufacturer be taken to Bellevue.

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When Dr. Wilcox left his office on the evening of February 26 everything was in order. When his clerk arrived there next day he found the rooms had been thoroughly ransacked. The thieves (for there appears to have been more than one) had a key that unlocked the street door. They went right upstairs to the second story, where the dentist's office is situated. Dr. Wilcox's door has a Yale lock on it, and the thieves did not attempt to open it. Instead they tried the common lock of the door of architect William T. Hallett's office on the same floor, and soon found a key to fit it. Then their work was easy, as the inside door leading from Hallett's room to Dr. Wilcox's office was unlocked.

Nothing that by any possibility could be turned into cash escaped the thieves. Dr. Wilcox's linen, his typewriter, a framed picture of the dentist's baby and the doctor's instruments and apparatus were carried off. Among the latter were bridges, sets of teeth not yet made up, on cards; probes, electric mouth lamps, electric mallet, a battery, gold crowns and a bottle of chloroform.

No trace has been found of Peter Anderson, Schmidt, optician, in the basement of the same building, lives with his family on the floor above the dentist's office. Dr. Wilcox reported his loss to the policeman on that beat. Shortly afterward Detective McGuire, from the West Thirtieth Street Station, inspected the plundered apartments, but could find no clue. In a day or two a detective from Police Headquarters called, but he could not do anything better. Then Dr. Wilcox wrote to Captain O'Brien, and yesterday another Central Office detective, John J. Boyle, was put on the case. He showed Dr. Wilcox some instruments and asked him if they were his. Dr. Wilcox said they were. He accompanied Boyle to a pawnshop on Twenty-third street, near Third avenue, and by paying \$1 to the pawnbroker recovered some \$3 or \$4 worth of his stolen property.

WATSON MAY NOT DIE.

Clifford, His Assailant, Very Nervous and Uncommunicative.

Division Superintendent W. G. Watson, of the West Shore Railroad, who was shot Thursday in his office at Weehawken by Detective Edward Clifford, whom he had discharged, was reported yesterday to be doing well in the Roosevelt Hospital. He passed a fairly comfortable night. No attempt, so the house surgeon said, would be made to remove the bullets until Watson was a little stronger. His wife spent considerable time at his bedside yesterday.

Detective Clifford is confined in cell No. 1, adjoining "Murderers' Row," on the third floor of the Hudson County Jail, Jersey City. He was very nervous yesterday. His eyes were red from weeping. He still disclaimed all knowledge of the shooting and denied having quarreled with Superintendent Watson. He admitted that he had been discharged for drinking. When informed that Watson's chances for recovery were good, he exclaimed: "Thank God; I hope he will live." He will not again be arraigned in court until Superintendent Watson either recovers or dies.

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PINIONED BY AN "L" ROAD ENGINE.

Edward Knob Fell Between the Locomotive and the Platform.

His Ribs Were Broken, and the Work Was Cut Away to Release Him.

WOMEN FAINTED AT THE SIGHT.

The Man Was in Agony for Over Twenty-five Minutes—Harlem Hospital Doctors Say He Will Die.

Edward Knob, twenty-two years old, at No. 439 West Fortieth street, employed at the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street station of the suburban "L," was caught between the engine and the platform while trying to uncouple a train last night and fatally injured.

It was Knob's duty to wait at the lower end of the platform and jump down between the car and the engine the moment it stopped and uncouple the air brakes and steam pipes, in order to let the train proceed on the uptown trip.

He was waiting inside the railing, about a foot from the edge of the platform, when the train came in. He made a misstep and fell between the engine and the platform. He was twisted about in a small space and was rolled several feet and crushed before the engine stopped.

The space was so small that Knob could not be released and he remained there for twenty-five minutes until the platform was cut away with hatchets. He was half-conscious all the while and appeared to be suffering terribly. His ribs were broken and he was injured seriously internally. The doctors at Harlem Hospital, where he was taken, say that he cannot live.

A great crowd gathered on the "L" station while the man was being extricated. Women fainted at the terrible sight and train were blocked.

GIRL'S DEATH A MYSTERY.

Queer Inquest Held on the Body of Mary Fox, a Trite Verdict of "Cause Unknown."

Huntington, L. I., March 6.—At the inquest held to-day, Coroner Rodman made the mystery of Lloyd's Neck Bench even more mysterious. The jury sat in the case of Mary Fox and found that the cause of her death was "unknown." There was no autopsy, and only one witness.

Many of the townspeople severely criticized the Coroner, and it may be that other authorities will take the case in hand and find out how it was that the corpse of the comely girl came to be lying on the lonely beach. The inquest was held in the office of Undertaker Brush. Coroner Rodman had received important information from Katie Fox, of No. 378 Clifton place, Brooklyn, the sister of the dead girl. She said that while working for a family in Locust Valley, Mary had made the acquaintance of Peter Anderson, a young Swede, but gave up his company at Katie's suggestion. She afterward returned to her sister's home in Brooklyn. Katie said she thought her sister still loved Anderson, and possibly visited him secretly.

At the inquest the only witness called was T. H. Bloxom, a farmer living near Lloyd's Neck Beach, who found the body. There was no account of an autopsy, because there had been none. Even the sister of the dead girl was not there to identify her. Acting upon the evidence, the jury found that the girl "had come to her death in a manner and from causes unknown." Coroner Rodman made no explanation. Others, however, were not so reticent. One prominent citizen said:

"It was a flat failure to comply with the provisions of the law. Why, think of it, an inquest held and no autopsy! Why were not the persons who knew this girl summoned to give their testimony? The law commands the Coroner to summon such persons. The jury did not know whether this woman was Mary Fox or not."

No trace has been found of Peter Anderson, but if possible he will be found. It is almost certain the girl visited Locust Valley last week. That much is shown in the letter which was received by Justice Hendrickson, of Huntington, to-night, from Bayville. It reads:

Dear Sir—Will you describe the clothing that the woman wore that was found at your place? My reason for asking is this: On February 27 there was a woman who came to this place from Locust Valley Station by train. She told the backman that she was from Bayville, and that she was a widow. She was going into the Post Office, but instead of going into the Post Office she went toward the Sound and was seen there on Friday, the 28th, sitting in a bath house, but on seeing men approach she ran for the woods and hid. I am a short distance from here to where she was found. Yours respectfully, F. D. PLATT, Postmaster, Bayville.

Justice Hendrickson sent to the Postmaster a description of the woman's clothing. He believes much may come out of this clue. Mary Fox's appearance near Locust Valley on February 27 seems to indicate that she sought young Anderson. If she did not find him, it is argued she met with some evil which caused her to remain upon the desolate stretch of sand all Thursday night. Her flight to the woods when some men appeared near her is taken